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THE COMING OF SPRING.

Hail season of vernal delight,
Hail welcome deliverer of man,
Proud Winter must flee at thy sight,
Whilst devotees welcome thy van;
He, tyrant for many a day,
Recedes from his kingdom alone,
Since subjects that once would obey
Have raised milder Spring to the throne.

Spring comes in all Majesty grand,
His chariot borne on the breeze
Of Zephyr's own breath, to that land
Which he, from all tyranny frees,
Commanding the sun's splendent ray
To shatter the fetters of ice,
And gradually change and array
Our home as a sweet Paradise.

Thus faster and faster he speeds,
The alt'ring of Nature his care,
The sweet measured pace of his steeds
Attuned to the music all fair
Of those winged chorister's song, [bring
Whose chirpings and warblings must
All pleasures that truly belong
To our reigning ruler, fair Spring.

His palace embraces the whole
Of Nature's own decked spacious hall,
As pure as a flow'r's spotless soul,
Inviting and pleasant to all.
Then welcome, thrice welcome, thou sage,
Who driest our tears, thou our King,
And givest as our heritage
The beauties and pleasures of Spring.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN SARACINESCA.

In the estimation of our students Marion Crawford is one of the most popular living writers in the field of fiction. Perhaps the greater number of Mr. Crawford's works will not survive the test of time, yet *Saracinesca* will no doubt secure for itself a place among the English classics. Nearly all unite in saying that it is one of the most powerful and artistic efforts of this accomplished novelist.

It is the first of three volumes which form in reality one closely connected history. *Saracinesca* with *Sant'Ilario* and *Don Orsino* picture to us in a style at once graphic and captivating the life of two generations of a noble Roman family. Already in the first pages the attention of the reader is secured by the perfect description of Roman society, which the author's long residence in Italy enabled him to give us. The fact that the plot is placed in the declining years of the Pope's temporal power also increases the interest by adducing characters whose names are inseparably blended with the modern history of Italy. No one can take up *Saracinesca* without finishing it, or having completed it will not be eager to follow up the fortunes of the hero and his son so realistically described in *Sant' Ilario* and *Don Orsino*.

One of the most interesting characters is the elder *Saracinesca*, a man brusque, irritable, proud, yet kind and devotedly attached to family traditions. The least opposition on the part of his son at once excites his anger, but in spite of this, he loves his son with an intense fatherly affection.

The younger *Saracinesca*, or *Sant' Ilario*

as he is called later, is physically the perfect image of his parent. He possesses the noble qualities of his father in a higher degree without his rashness. In him especially do we see a type of the Roman patrician too proud to stoop to a disgraceful action. He is a man of superior intelligence yet so unassuming as to pass for an ordinary personage. In the greatest dangers when most men become excited, he continues calm and collected, retaining the use of his faculties in any situation, concealing a very active mind beneath a passive exterior. He was, as *Corona* the heroine of the story called him, "the most ambitious man she ever knew and nobody had found it out."

The most beautifully drawn character is *Corona*, who being called from the seclusion of a convent-school by the selfish entreaties of an unfortunate father, led on by a sense of filial devotion saves her father from ruin and almost starvation by consenting to a marriage with a wealthy old count. Thus she by this heroic act closes the gates of terrestrial happiness upon herself. Supported by the thought that she is simply doing her duty she suffers with a praiseworthy constancy until she is released by a fortunate circumstance and assumes the position to which her rank and virtues entitle her.

Del Ferice, the informer and traitor, also plays an important role. Although he talks openly of progress and enlightenment, which are construed as implying hostility to the Papal government, yet he is allowed to go his way unmolested as an idle chatterer. The younger *Saracinesca*, with the intuition peculiar to great minds, sees

through the carefully woven veil of hypocrisy. Together with his father he becomes convinced of the treasonable transactions of Del Ferice. The father actuated by dislike of the traitor, now changed to hatred by the latter's attempt to ruin the life prospects of his son, accuses him to the prime minister of Pope Pius IX, Cardinal Antonelle.

In the last named character we see the wise diplomat and accomplished man of the world, for as is seldom the case the Cardinal was not a priest, but had raised himself by his great talents and unwearied exertions to the high position which he now held. It was he that sustained almost unaided the temporal power of the Pope during the last turbulent years of its existence. The desperate position in which his government was sometimes placed, led the Cardinal to adopt extreme measures. Hence many hate, few love, and nearly all fear him. By his frank and confidential conversation he draws over to the conservative party Gouache, a rising young artist, who has been hesitating on the borders of Socialism. This artist is so enthusiastic in defence of his newly-adopted principles that he surprises his friends by donning the garb of a Papal Zouave.

One of the characters that frequented the studios of the painter Gouache was Donna Tullia, who claims a large share of our attention by the relation she bears to Del Ferice and by her prominence in Roman society. Despite her vulgarity of manner, her vanity and haughty bearing, she fully sustains her prestige throughout her career. Stung by the coldness with which the younger Saracinesca receives her advances and excited by her jealousy of Corona, whom she chooses to consider a rival, and led on by her hatred and desire for revenge, she becomes a willing instrument in the hands of the unscrupulous Del Ferice for the furtherance of his own private ends.

The novel presents an ennobling picture of firmness and fidelity and places the vices of avarice, hypocrisy, and intrigue in their own base and unmistakable light. In Saracinesca, Marion Crawford exhibits to us such a close connection of incidents, and so great a variety of expression as to entitle him to the enviable position to which he has attained among writers of fiction. No student should fail to devote some time to the perusal of this author who is at present receiving at the hands of our students that attention which his merit deserves.

A. C. RIESTER. '98.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

[OF KARL MAY.]

He cocked his gun preparatory to shooting, but I averted the impending danger by thrusting the stock of my whip into his face and his expression immediately evinced his fear.

"Allah is great, Sihdi you may travel with us as long as you wish."

Our loud conversation attracted the attention of Uelad Sliman; he, mindful of the fear his name inspired; aware of his brothers proximity and seeing himself surrounded by five able men, was now nerved enough to acknowledge the name which I had previously mentioned.

"Allah, God is merciful, I am Hedjahn-Bei. To-morrow this caravan will arrive at Safileh in safety, if they deliver to me this Frank and his associates. Dismount your camel, Giaur, and kiss my shoes." Many of the Arabians withdrew from the scene so great was their fear for this man.

"Notwithstanding this," I calmly answered, "you will slay these people whom you are now leading into perdition; their leader is a traitor, he led this caravan into the Bab-el-Ghud, where this very night they will fall victims to the Gums."

Enraged at this, he again uttered the former insult: "you lie!"

"Man do not venture another time to call me a liar."

"Scorpion, your tongue is venomous," he continued in his rage, "you lie!"

My camel was hard at his, and scarcely had he finished the last sentence when my whip blustered in the air and violently twirled about his face, causing an issue of blood from nose, mouth and cheeks. In this exciting moment the escaped messenger leveled his gun but I prevented his design by the introduction of my revolver.

"Do you know this shot an inch above the nose, murderer, you are a brother to Hedjahn-Bei, and I am a brother to Behluvan-Bei. Take your flight to hell and there announce the coming of your associates. My second shot fairly penetrated his brain; a third shot proceeding from the muzzle of Korndorfer's gun disburdened a camel, and the spear of our Tebu pierced the breast of another victim. This was the scene rendered in the duration of two minutes and frustrated the resistance of the others.

We now disarmed the remaining banditti and under threats of violence obtained a long desired information regarding Renald.

The caravan in the meantime held secret council and their topic was soon revealed

by one who vouched their sentiments by entreating me to be their leader. I stated the condition under which I would accept the proposition and all agreed. The sun was fast approaching the horizon and I ordered the caravan to proceed. The slain Arabs were left to the mercy of the vulture.

THE MIRAGE.

Through the lonely desert, scorched by the rays of a tropical sun, the caravan is plodding its weary way; already several months have been passed in this tiresome wayfaring and the number of the party has been greatly increased by the annexation of various personages. Wealthy Arabians mounted on the choicest camels are riding at the side of a poor pedestrian who is entirely dependent on the charity of the public and whose wealth consists of an only coin, a ferriage in demand at the Red Sea.

Young men yet retaining the trace of boyhood are marching beside the emaciated frame of a hoary Arab who is desirous once more to view the holy Kaaba before the hand of Allah crushes his existence. The yellow Beduin, the sun-burned Tuareg, the tinted Tebu and the dark native from Mekka are murmuring in melancholic accents their pious prayer, or revering the Prophet with their accustomed phrase: "God is God and Mohammed is his Prophet."

The heavens are glowing like melted ore and the earth radiates a like intensity of heat. The water vessels have yielded their contents and the distance to the next oasis is yet very great. A goodly supply of bread, flour and dried dates is yet on hand, but to what avail is bread and flour to those languishing for want of water? A drink of water, Oh how refreshing it would be! The traveler seizes his flask presses it to his parched lips, but again puts it aside

sorely disappointed.

Prayer is now uttered in a softer tone, ejaculations are heard but seldom; the tongue so firmly pasted to the palate is now rendered unfit to murmur the Surat which is usually recited at the hour of death.

Suddenly a cry of joy is heard.

Amid the densely veiled horizon the outlines of the long desired oasis become visible. The stately date palm submissively bows to them and the gentle breeze bids them welcome, amid verdant groves the glittering surface of a lovely lake is conspicuous and its evaporations seem to moisten the air. Camels are seen wading in the deep and stretching down their long necks, to drink in the reviving liquid.

"Praise God that is the Ulah; the Lord has saved us," such were the cries in their delusion. They spur their beasts, to hasten their speed, but these will not be deceived, their keen scent would have long since betrayed it if the reflection were a reality.

Whilst these poor people were joyously anticipating relief, the prayer of the experienced leader is heard: "Have mercy on them, O Lord, the painful sensation of heat and thirst has wrought this error, they consider the Fata Morgana that dangerous reflection to have its original existence where they behold it.

This utterance creates greater dejection among the deceived wayfarers. Despondent they slowly move on perhaps only to meet that doleful fate of falling victims to excessive exertions.

According to the directions of our leader I continued our eastward course and was soon surprised by a singular phantom.

The rays of the sun dazzled several feet above the earth resembling a glowing sea. We were approaching the battle-field between Ghud and Serir, where we observed the gradual appearance of a vast mountain

in the vibrating rays before us.

A refracted figure of gigantic stature and in inverted order was visible in this strange mirror and at its side another was soon beheld; we also noticed, despite the indistinct outlines, a camel lying on the ground, hard by an Arabian. It was evident that the original of this picture was present in reality behind the down lying before us. The Arabian could be none other than a guard commanded by Hedjahn-Bei, to observe the approach of the caravan. The Fata Morgana had disclosed to us the situation of the Gum whilst the position of the sun rendered our detection at such a distance impossible.

"Halt, dismount and pitch your tents, the Gum is before us!"

Whilst we were thus engaged, the sun was rapidly sinking and the phantom rose in proportion.

The vision of a new figure now appeared in the rear of the former; this vision apparently sprung up from the ground. We could observe every movement, it raised an arm and leveled a long instrument in the direction of the guard—A single moment—a peculiar staggering and swinging of the picture and the Arabian lay prostrate on the ground.

"Allah Kehirm! God is merciful," spoke Hassan, "I praise the Prophet that yonder picture is not the refraction of my person, for a man has there been shot.

So it really was, and had the distance not been so great we might have heard the shot.

Who was the perpetrator? Now the figure bent down to the fallen one and again the instrument, which was naught else but a gun, was raised, its muzzle towards the camel—again a staggering of the vision—the beast shrugs its mighty form and sinks to the earth.

"Men do you see him?" I cried, "that is Behluvan-Bei; he has sent the guard of the Gum to the land of the dead; the caravan will remain here. Mount Abu, Korndorfer, we must be off."

But a few moments and we were riding in the direction of the vision.

We approached the scene and found the slayer's victims, but Emery had since disappeared.

Determined to find Emery, we strode into the night mindful of imminent danger.

Suddenly our course was impeded by one who was all but a friend. He threatened our lives but immediately witnessed the threat executed on his own person, the contents of my gun settled the matter at once.

Scarcely was the report of my gun sounded when the cry "Hailo-i-oh" became audible in the distance; it was the cry which I was accustomed to exchange with Emery when separated from him by forest or prairie.

"Hallio-i-oh!" I responded unconcerned about Hedjahn-Bei and his Gum.

Whilst approaching each other the cry was once more repeated and then, as we had pledged our words when leaving the United States to meet again in Africa, we stood face to face in the Sahara.

Emery seized my hand and bade me welcome to the Sahara; this sufficed. We spoke nothing about the past, the present demanded our attention.

We contemplated the capture of the entire Gum and after due consideration we adopted such plans as would insure a successful issue.

I advanced a few paces, placed my hands to my mouth and imitated the hyena's cry (by means of which the various members of the Gum imparted to each other an intelligence of their whereabouts. I was informed thus by one of the members;) it

brought about its desired effect, for at a short distance from where I stood a response was similarly vocalized. I bade Emery remain whilst I continued. An Arabian was slowly advancing towards me.

"Where is Hedjahn-Bei," I asked.

"Are you the leader?" responded he.

"I am."

"Beware of Behluvan-Bei! have you not heard the reports of his gun?"

"I have heard them and have seen the effects of them. Three men, members of the Gum were dispatched at my side. Inform Hedjahn-Bei immediately that I must see him."

"But why," accosted he, "do you permit the caravan to remain at so strange a place?"

"Can I lead them into a place haunted by Behluvan-Bei?"

He left and, as I expected, soon returned.

"Direct me to the caravan and when all is quiet the Gum will come."

I did as requested. This guard was evidently a new member of the mob for he was not acquainted with the leader. I returned to Emery and his men and unobserved by the Arabian led them to the caravan which was anxiously awaiting me. The caravan was briefly instructed how to betake themselves when the Gum would approach.

After a short intercourse, Emery and I concluded to divide our little band (not including the caravan) so as to bring the Gum between a cross fire. We took our position accordingly and were now lying in ambush awaiting their arrival. Considerable time elapsed before any voice betraying their approach was heard.

Finally two Arabians were perceived carefully reconnoitering the situation; they passed, despite their watchfulness, without observing us and proceeded onward until the caravan was reached. They found, to

their satisfaction, a prevailing silence. A piercing shrill rends the air and the banditti congregate, to learn the will of their leader.

This was a most favorable time to open fire on them, for now a poor marksman could not fail. The crash of my gun broke the silence of the night and before I had shot a second time the bullets of my comrades had created havoc among the Gum. The surviving ones, including Hedjahn-Bei, succeeded in making their escape. Our work was good, but not yet complete. We could do no more at present, so we stationed the necessary guards and awaited the morrow. Emery and myself passed the night in the recollection of former episodes. The night passed without any new disturbances.

When morning had arrived we resumed our journey and continued in a direct eastward course until very near evening, then we put up for the night.

I noticed at a far-off distance, whilst the caravan was in motion, a strange sight. I made no allusions to it then, fearing it would cause delay, but now I had ample time to ascertain what it is. I drew forth my telescope, Bothwell did the same.

"El Kasr", was the expression of Bothwell, I agreed with him, for according to the information I received on a former occasion, I concluded that the object before us must be El Kasr, the place where Renald is held captive.

This structure resembled a ruined castle which, as its dilapidated walls suggested, was erected many ages ago, a convincing proof that formerly some parts of the desert were not so void of human beings as they are to-day.

El Kasr was now our destination and again we began our tiresome wayfaring which was continued until we had arrived at such distance that we could plainly see

the place without the aid of a telescope.

Fearing our approach might be observed, we halted. I ordered the caravan to conceal themselves, a ravine hard by afforded a suitable place for the purpose.

Emery and myself then returned towards the ruin well observing our surroundings as we went, for we hoped to discover that subterranean passage of which I had been informed.

Our undertaking was successful; we crept up unnoticed and arrived at a crevice which was chiseled in the rock below the Kasr; this we supposed to be the entrance which led to the top, we entered and found it so. We pushed forward until debarred by a huge rock which our strength proved insufficient to move; there was no alternative, so we retreated as quickly as possible and sought access at some other place. We had fairly succeeded when suddenly four guards confronted us, who demanded an account of our intrusion. The monosyllabic crash of our revolvers was the prompt response. Every shot was fatal. Having thus overcome the resistance of the four guards we began our search, for we were convinced that if Renald be yet among the living we should find him here. We sought but found him not. We were now walking through a spacious hall. Suddenly Emery pointed to a pillar back of which stood another guard with his back turned towards us, he had not yet observed our approach. Emery made a dash at him, seized him, and held him fast with an iron grasp. I commanded him to disclose the place of Renald's custody, but he refused to do so until I threatened death.

"You force me to break an oath, but the responsibility rests upon yourself. Follow me." In the farther corner of a vault a niche was hewn in the rock; in it lay a human figure firmly bound with ropes.

The light of the link fell upon the stately figure of the Englishman.

"Renald!"

"Emery!"

The appliance of my knife released Renald and two true friends were then soon fondly caressing each other.

Our commission now was to deal to the surviving a fate similar to that which had befallen the others and this we did. Hed-jahn-Bei and his subjects having now returned and not knowing we had taken possession of the Kasr, entered quite unconcerned. When they discovered the lifeless bodies of the guards they attempted to withdraw, but the discharges of our guns ended their career of iniquity.

A fortnight hence we had crossed the Livir when a most beautiful panorama was enrolled. The palmiped leaves of myriads of trees touched by the gentle breeze were wantonly flitting on their slender boughs. The trunks of the trees stood amid a garden of unrivaled beauty. Brambles adorned with flowers bespeaking the genius of Nature were objects expelling monotony; perched upon gentle twigs the nightingale sends forth its harmonious medley. This

(THE END.)

was the oasis Safleh whither we led the caravan. After a few days sojourn in this Paradise we departed tendering a hearty farewell to the caravan and our faithful Tebu friend.

The Tebu seized my hand speaking thus: "May Allah protect you; you have enriched the caravan with the spoils of El Kasr and excluded yourself in the distribution. Sons I have no more, but I have yet a blessing to bestow, take it with you to your native country: may all evil be ever remote from you.

And again after the lapse of several weeks we entered Algiers when the presence of Renald created an inexpressible joy. Hassan had accompanied us to this place and Korndorfer refused to leave me but determined to cross the deep with me where he would again have occasion to quaff the favorite beverage from which he was obliged to abstain so long. To Latre-amont our departure was most heartrending but he to consigned himself to circumstances and finally bade me God-speed on my way home to Europe.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

THOUGHTS FROM THE PRAIRIE.

The train was north-bound and I was on my way returning to the College from a brief sojourn in the city that commemorates in our Hoosier State the name of Washington's famous aide. Our iron horse had just regained his full speed which was handicapped by a rickety bridge leading across the tortuous river that skirts the city, when the brakeman called out, "Battle Ground!" In an instant every

stranger was anxiously endeavoring to catch a passing glance of the historic hill, the battlefield of Tippecanoe.

A section of the Constitution of the State of Indiana reads as follows: "It shall be the duty of the General assembly to provide for the permanent enclosure and preservation of the Tippecanoe Battle Ground." This requirement has been faithfully complied with, thus attesting the undying

pride of Indiana's citizens in this famous field.

It is a place fortified by nature. In the distant back-ground may be seen a ridge of hills covered with shaggy forests whose sable brows seem to bow to the mistress of the prairie as she leads her congregated streams with rippling joy through smiling fields and verdant meadows.

Hard by the track is the oak-crowned eminence, encircled by an iron fence which completes its park-like appearance; here General Harrison undermined the pillars of a Western Indian Empire, planned by the famous Indian chief and sagacious warrior, Tecumseh and the visionary Prophet his brother.

It was in 1811. The tide of colonization and civilization was fast moving westward. The Indian titles to millions of acres were honorably purchased by the whites, but the jealousy of the Red men was soon aroused and they became loathe to abandoning their cherished hunting-grounds.

Tecumseh and his brother, in a spirit of self-aggrandizement, planned the coalition of all the tribes of the North-west and as far south as Tennessee, in one supreme effort to oppose the onward march of the white settlers. Nor was the cunning of the Red men slow in seeking out this spot, so well suited as a stronghold and an ambush.

But the superior skill and watchfulness of Gen. Harrison, who was at that time Governor of Indiana territory, thwarted the plans of the ambitious brothers in the battle of Tippecanoe, which was one of the greatest and most important of Indian battles ever fought on American soil, as it left the western territory open to the whites at a critical time.

I now understand how aptly the name of *Indiana* has been given to our State.

The train was by this time speeding through monotonous pasture lands where but a short time ago the camp and council-fires glowed, but the wily scheme of the noted leader of the Shawnee tribe, who aimed at nothing lower than to become a mighty Indian King, reminded me of another far-reaching design fostered by the French during the colonization period, when they attempted to establish a vast inland empire to extend from the longitude of the great lakes to the Pacific. Incidents, however, which tended to realize this idea, occasioned the French and Indian war in America, which forever destroyed all French claims based on the right of settlement in the territory of the United States.

But for the defeat of the French in this war, St. Joseph's College would in all probability be to-day on French soil. Even now traces of French colonization may be found in the nomenclature of some cities in western Indiana and eastern Illinois; just as the footprints of Spanish settlements can be seen in the topographical geography of the south-western part of our Union.

In both the Indian and French schemes just mentioned, our college grounds were comprised in the territory which formed part of the boundaries of two prospective governments.

Since my return home from my trip, I have often roamed along the banks of the Iroquois that partly encircles the college grounds, and recalled to mind that there the colored natives were wont to dip their noble limbs in its sedgy waters and paddle their light canoes along its winding shores.

Where but eighty years ago, hideous war-whoops resounded in the forests, to-day terror-inspiring college-yells re-echo from huge majestic walls.

THOMAS P. TRAVES, '99.

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EDITORIAL.

The first regular Commencement Exercises at St. Joseph's College will be held on Tuesday, June 16th. This is the question of importance that has been agitating the minds of the students for some time past, and now, since the date has been settled by the Faculty, let us not lose enthusiasm. Though the final examinations appear before the Class of '96 like a swift, swollen river that must be crossed before the long-sought goal is reached, the dreaded trial will soon be a thing of the past, and, for the majority at least, a favorable verdict will be the fruit of their many years of labor. Preparations for the celebration have

been considered and the combined efforts of the Class and Faculty will make the occasion an unparalleled success.

The concluding chapter of "A Story from the German" translated from the standard works of Karl May, is printed in this issue of the COLLEGIAN. While the favorite author's German text must necessarily suffer by any translation, since many fine expressions native to that language can find interpretation in the English only by means of circumlocution, much of the beauty and strength of the original is therefore lost. But the translation will give our readers some insight into the works of that gifted German author.

We were more than pleased to hear from our friend, the Rev. Jos. Schaeper, C. PP. S., who under date of Mar. 18th, writes that he is busily engaged in giving a Mission at Carpineto, Italy, the birthplace of our present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. In his correspondence he gives expression to words of praise for the COLLEGIAN, which we appreciate very highly.

Among the letters received from foreign correspondents since the last appearance of the COLLEGIAN, two highly interesting, descriptive epistles came from the pen of our Rev. Rector. The first, written on board the steamer "St Paul," was mailed immediately upon his arrival at Southampton, England, and informs us that his voyage was pleasant and prosperous. He has visited, as he says in his second letter many famous places in France, stopping at points of interest on his way to Rome, where he held services in one of the churches on Good Friday. He reports that all of the Fathers who accompanied him are enjoying the scenery of the Old World. Our latest information says that the party is still at Rome.

No doubt many of our readers noticed in last month's issue that the final page of the COLLEGIAN was devoted to essays written by the Aloyisians, or more properly, by the Minims. Hereafter this will be a regular feature of our journal, and although it may only be of passing interest to many of our subscribers, to some, particularly to parents and guardians, it will prove a page of special import and pleasure. Be-

sides this the youthful contributors will derive much benefit therefrom, and though their articles cannot be expected to compare with other contributions in beauty of expression, command of language, or development of ideas, they may, however, serve as stepping-stones from that path which youth is prone to follow,—desultory reading and writing and lead them to the broader field of more polished composition.



The Catholic Press.

The subject of the Catholic Press, its necessity, its field of labor, and the obligations of Catholics to give it a hearty support, has been claiming considerable attention for some time past. The great interest and importance attached to this question may be better understood when it is remembered that that great Catholic organization, the Apostleship of Prayer, made it the general intention for the month of April. If, therefor, the Church considers a good Catholic Press of such vital importance to her welfare as to direct the prayers of so many thousands, nay millions of her faithful children to this end, we are then bound to consider the subject as deserving of our most earnest consideration.

It would be a waste of words to call upon the readers of the Collegian to patronize our Catholic periodicals, for it gives us pleasure to state that The COLLEGIAN's subscribers are liberal patrons of our best Catholic publications. But if we are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Church we will not be content merely with subscribing for one or two such papers, we will do more, we will try to induce others to subscribe also, and thus, by extending their circulation, broaden the field for one of the most powerful missionary agents of

our times.

The next question that naturally arises is, which papers are most deserving of our support. Not all papers edited by Catholics are equally deserving of patronage, for the only influence some can have on their readers is to make them narrow-minded, prejudiced, and bigoted. How then are we to distinguish the good? The best general rule to follow is to patronize those that have the approbation, or at least the encouragement, of the ordinary of the diocese in which they are published. Books treating of dogmatic or moral subjects must have the imprimature of a bishop before they may be considered void of serious errors and worthy of general circulation. Newspapers are of necessity often called upon to discuss these subjects and should, therefore, especially if the growing importance of the press is taken into consideration, come under the same general rules.

The high literary standing of many Catholic papers place them on a plane far above the secular newspapers. In fact the literary standard of many of them is so high that the average reader of the voluminous Sunday paper is unable to appreciate properly their true value. Another mis-

take that is frequently made, even by well informed persons, is that of expecting all Catholic newspapers to attain the high standard of those that have on their editorial staff writers of the first order in the domain of letters. If the local diocesan paper faithfully reports the news as it may be found in the ordinary weekly city or country paper of the rural districts, it has done its duty and we should not require more of it. We unhesitatingly support our local paper without demanding more. But the truth of the matter is that most of the papers published with the approbation of the ordinary of the diocese are of the very highest order. We hear from time to time the old assertion that Catholic pa-

pers are published at a financial loss. The emptiness of this statement may be seen by looking at the number of our best journals that have been in existence twenty-five, fifty or more years, and have amply repaid their publishers for their time and labor. As for the much talked of great daily we can rest assured that the publisher will be found when the demand for it justifies the venture. For the present let us give our loyal support to the Catholic Press as we find it, and unite our prayers with those of holy Church, for those valiant champions and zealous missionaries of our holy faith, the Catholic newspapers of America.

JOHN F. COGAN.

THE PILGRIM'S CHORUS.

Out of the goodly number of pieces in the Collège Band's repertoire, the several selections from Wagner's music dramas were at first thought dull and tiresome by our local connoisseurs, while they are now not only admitted to be replete with meaning and decidedly interesting, but are even listened to with emotions of pleasure and delight. Either a wave of the Wagner craze, now sweeping the country, has struck us, or the grandeur of Wagner's productions has at last dawned upon us.

Indeed, the Bayreuth school of music could not fail to be recognized as the true one. It is not the chief aim of music to please by a charming melody to which the text is made subservient, as it is the case in most of the Italian operas, but to express the feelings and passions of man, and this Wagner has done eminently well. Unhampered by the code of laws of the old school, he has translated his thoughts into music as freely as a great

painter gives expression to his ideas on canvas. While the musician's language is audible—a sort of acoustic painting—that of the painter is purely intellectual; though it is well known that there are many things which cannot be rendered audible, but must be supplied by the intellectual ear. While listening to music, we cannot remain passive, but must let our imagination engage with it, as we do in reading a fine piece of poetry. Dryden's noble lyric, Alexander's Feast, for instance, would lose much of its charm if fancy would not vivify the scenes.

All this the Bayreuth wizard clearly suggests. He is the Shakespeare in the realms of harmony. Like him, who is the poet of all ages and all climes, Richard Wagner will at all times and wherever true music is cherished, strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the people, though a want of musical culture or national prejudice may for a time pervert the judge-

ment of many.

None of the selections which have been played to us by the band is less difficult of comprehension than the well known Pilgrims' Chorus from the first act of Wagner's *Tanhaeuser*. Without having seen the opera one may fancy the Pilgrims on their way to the Eternal City ascending the rugged mountain pass in the palmer's garb which gives the scene a sombre coloring, relieved, however, by the alacrity of the pilgrims' march under the influence of their arduous hearts.

The penitents are brought vividly before our eyes as they descend the mountain side and give vent to the strong emotional feelings of true compunction and a longing desire to reach the place of their destination. Solemnly impressive the wailing voices are heard coming from the distant heights, like the murmuring waters rippling down overhanging cliffs, when presently the chorus burst upon the stage with all the vehemence of commingled pathos of sorrow and hope. The procession moves slowly onward. By degrees the voices grow faint and the band of pilgrims disappears behind the distant hills. A few strayed chords which are yet wafted by the gentle breeze to our ears, lull us into a sweet slumber, during which our minds accompany the pilgrims and experience all the hardships

as well as the joys and consolations of their journey.

The grandeur of the pilgrims' chant is likewise impressive in the third act when the returning band of pilgrims reach the highest elevation of a mountain pass, where they spy their beloved homes in the valley, and burst forth into the joyous words: "Be-glueckt darf nun dich o Heimath, ich schauen." What emotions of heartfelt joy and gratitude are not conveyed by their solemn chant. They have overcome the dangers and hardships of their journey and regained the peace of their souls. At first we hear them faintly, but on approaching the foot of the mountain, their song increases in loudness.

With feelings of gladness of having received pardon, and with the prospect of a new life and eternal bliss, they sing the mercy of God.

We are all pilgrims on our way to the celestial city of Zion. Though we walk the path of the Lord with joy, it is nevertheless steep and narrow. The perils of our pilgrimage as well as the uncertainty of reaching our destination produce in us feelings similar to those entertained by Wagner's pilgrims and we therefore love to hear the chorus which they chant on their journey to Rome.

ARNOLD WEYMAN.

Athletics.

BASEBALL.

Baseball, the all prevailing American game, again claims our attention in the line of sport, and it is with no little interest that the practice and games of the different teams are watched.

The "Star and Crescent," the representative club of the north-side study hall,

donned in its blue and white, can again be seen upon the diamonds and although severely crippled by the loss of three able members, bids fair to uphold the former standing of the organization. The prospects, however, of regaining the lost laurels of last season appear somewhat discouraging; but, nevertheless, enthusiasm

reigns among the members and they are determined to compel their sturdy opponents to play fast ball. The necessary articles having been procured, practice has been resumed and marked progress is reported each day. The infield has already strongly developed, while the out-field shows signs of grasping all that comes within its reach. The battery is undoubtedly the weakest spot of the team, but by sharp fielding and heavy hitting the club expects to overcome this obstacle.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing term: Manager, J. B. Fitzpatrick; Captain, Ed J. Mungovan; Secretary, J. F. Connelly.

The members of the club for the season are: Diefenbach, Mungovan, Fitzpatrick, McNeil, Travis, Connelly, McLaughlin, Conroy, Fralich.

A second nine has been organized and bids fair to develop the latent base ball talent of some of the heavy weights among the north-side students. They have taken the name "Stripes" in contradistinction to their rivals the "Stars."

The "Stripes" organized by electing John Steinbruner, Manager and Edw. Byrne, Captain.

Saturday Apr. 6, the Minims crossed bats with the "Young Americans" of the Indian Normal School and were defeated by a score of 21 to 11. The youngsters with few exceptions, played excellent ball, but were fairly out-classed by their opponents. Masters Koenig and Dorval did the battery work for the Minims, and Masters Rapp and Lutz for the "Young Americans."

The south-side students are as enthusiastic as even over the national game and preserve their last year's organization intact. The boys are in superb condition physically, and their practice games show that the club understands each other perfectly. The "Young Eagles" will undoubtedly

maintain the high standard reached by the club last season.

LAWN TENNIS.

Lawn Tennis is the latest game added to the list of sports, and promises to become as popular among its followers as base ball has always been with the many devotees of the diamond. The association recently formed is known at present only as "The Tennis Club," the matter of a permanent organization and the selection of a suitable title, being still in the hands of the committee. The racquets and nets are on hand, and the boys are busily engaged in mastering the intricacies of the game on a court at the extremity of the campus. The existing club is limited to twelve members; but the interest the game is beginning to arouse will doubtless prompt the formation of other sets, until the playground will present a gala sight with its many plays and diversions.

SPRING.

The trees are in blossom, the flowers in bloom
 And Nature's sweet Orchestra's playing
 her tunes;
 For bright plumaged Spring in her vernal
 delight
 Has spread her broad wings over Win-
 ter's dark night.
 Then hail thee, thrice hail thee, loveliest
 of year,
 We bid thee a welcome mid glorious
 cheer;
 And while thy cool Zephyrs our heavy
 brows kiss,
 Enrobe us with raptures of sweet earthly
 bliss.

EDW. J. MUNGOVAN.

SOCIETIES.

COLUMBIAN.

The quarterly election of the Columbian Literary Society took place on the 16th and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President.....	Mr. A. Weyman.
Vice President.....	Mr. J. Connelly.
Secretary.....	Mr. F. J. Koch.
Treasurer.....	Mr. J. Engesser.
Critic.....	Mr. E. Mungovan.
Editor.....	Mr. J. Wakefer.
Marshal.....	Mr. F. Seroczynski.
Exec. Com.....	{ Mr. E. Vogel Mr. A. Riester Mr. I. Zircher

The society has a very strong staff of officers at its head and may feel confident of great things at the bright prospects. The programs of the past month have been up to the usual standard. The following is the public program rendered March the 29th, in the College Hall:

1. Declamation.....Mr. D. Brackman
The Slave's Dream.
2. Recitation.....Mr. E. Walters
New Year's Night of an Unhappy Man.
3. The Quarrel Scene from "Julius Caesar."
Brutus.....Mr. Eberle.
Cassius.....Mr. J. Connelly.
4. A Play....."The Mad Cap Student."

CHARACTERS:

- Frank O'Driscoll.....Mr. J. Boeke.
Jerry O'Donovan.....C. Vanvlandren.
Father President.....E. Deininger.
Soldiers, Messrs. Kuenle, McLoughlin, Hordeman.
5. Squad Drill, by the Boebner Columbian Guards.

The rehearsal of the play was in charge of the executive committee and its good success reflected no little credit on the first attempt of the players, as well as on the members of the committee.

Besides the public program several private ones were rendered that proved interesting and showed that the society is in earnest about its work.

The constitution, as revised by a committee appointed for the work some time ago, was reported to the society Apr. 16th and was unanimously adopted. The principal points of difference between the new constitution and the old one are in regard to the admission of members, impositions of fines, or penalties, and the management of the society library.

The gentlemen that revised the constitution were, Messrs. J. F. Cogan, J. B. Fitzpatrick, T. M. Conroy, B. Didier, A. Seimetz, Wm. Sullivan.

St. Boniface German Literary Society.

The St. Boniface German Literary Society held its election of officers at its last regular meeting and the following officers were selected.

President.....	Mr. Ed. Vogel.
Vice President.....	Mr. J. Wechter.
Secretary.....	Mr. A. Roth.
Treasurer.....	Mr. C. Frey.
Critic.....	Mr. A. Wagner.
Marshal and Librarian,	Mr. Ed. Mungovan.
Ex. Com.....	{ Mr. W. Hordeman. Mr. F. Kuenle. Mr. J. Fitzpatrick.

The Society is faithful to its great aim, German literary culture. It has shown this to be true at its first public program given last Sunday. The program was as follows:

1. Introductory Remarks..Mr. Ed. Vogel.
2. Oration.....Mr. A. Wagner.
(The Practical Benefits of the German Language.)
3. Song.....Choir.
("Waldandacht" by F. Abt.)
4. Recitation.....Mr. Kuenle.
(Abschied des relegirten Studenten Eulogius Suffle.

5. Recitation.....Mr. T. Conroy
(Theilung der Erde.)
6. Paper.....Mr. L. Eberle.
(Entitled "Der Jasper County Bote.")
7. A play, "Gruendlich Curirt."
Dramatis Personae.

Michael Schlanmeier (Wirth)	Mr. A. Roth
Casper	Mr. A. Reister.
Peter	Mr. Ed. Vogel.
August (Kellner).....	Mr. T. Travis
Johann (Hausknecht).....	Mr. J. Boeke.
Wilhelm (Sohn des Wirthes).....	Mr. F. Seroczynski.
Dr. Eisenbart, (Physician).....	Mr. W. Hordeman.

The entertainment was highly creditable to the society and especially to the members on the program. T. M. Conroy, T. Travis, and F. Seroczynski received merited praise from a discriminating audience for their very effective and successful pronunciation.

Military Day

The date for the annual celebration of Military Day has been set for Thursday, May 21st. The enthusiastic manner in which the cadets enter into the drills promises that the day will be one of unusual interest. Several new features have been added to this year's program. Prominent among these is the competitive drill for the colors between Co. A. and Co. B., and the battalion maneuvers. The judges who are to decide on the merits of the competing companies will be experienced men not connected in any way with the battalion.

The following is the program which will be adhered to as closely as possible.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 8:00 A. M..... | Military Mass. |
| 2:00 P. M..... | Dress Parade. |
| | Battalion Inspection. |
| | Oration of the Day. |
| | Battalion Drill. |

Competitive Drill.

Exhibition Drill by B. C. G.

7:00 P. M.—Drama—entitled.....
"The Last of the Narragansetts."

Exchanges.

The Notre Dame Scholastic still sustains its prestige, and in the Easter number display is made of the reserve power which has imparted dignity and force to its prose and poetical compositions. It would approach a disparagement of the various merits of former issues were we to refrain mentioning that the Easter number evinced unusual ability in order to surpass the efforts that were made in preceding numbers. *The Scholastic* had formed a standard that was worthy of every exertion, and since this has been eclipsed, unqualified praise is due. The charm of Mr. Casey's story which graced the pages of the Easter issue of '95, has not been entirely obliterated from our memory, although we have wandered through the mazes of intricate plots of numberless stories since. But for general handling and development, "A Gentle Conspiracy" excels "Ted's Lilies." The *denouement* is particularly striking. The corrupted vernacular of "Jack" does not abate a jot from that which we would expect from one who has been compelled to assume the *role* of an urchin on account of the caprice of circumstances. Jack's sincerity in his delusion in mistaking hyacinths for onions is everywhere apparent. It serves to intensify the happiness which dawned upon him and his sister, to whom the bright and blooming hyacinths were on Easter morn an effective means in dispelling the gloom that attends an invalid's apartments. The appropriateness of the story augments its value. The question of recognizing the Cuban insurgents is ably discussed. It may be inferred therefrom that Pres. Cleveland is justified in his presumed determination not to accord the

insurgents the rights of belligerents. The arguments are mainly based upon international law. The paper is instructive and ably written. Other essays there are, noted for originality and attractiveness, which render the Easter *Scholastic* the best *par excellence* that has fallen under our observation.

It has been our intention for some time past to include the *Fordham Monthly* among our "Notices;" but at the most, an intention is only a germ of action and we were disappointed by unforeseen interpositions. Nevertheless, the qualities that attracted our attention have not waned in the least. According to these words of commendation are not prompted by the merits of any single number but by the general uniformity of attention given to the features that brightened its different issues. The question of Laureateship is again resuscitated. Austin's efficiency is decided by the history of his predecessors. A distinction, though, is made between a poet and a laureate. Richelieu was not recognized as ruler during his life time, but he ruled France nevertheless. Perhaps, recognition is similarly withheld from Austin—we think not. This, beyond a cavil of doubt, he will hardly receive from future generations, unless he mounts his Pegasus and rides direct to the summit of Parnassus shunning the enticements offered at the base.

Many of our exchanges donned a new attire to celebrate Easter; incidentally in them and in others also, we are able to trace a vein of excellence through which courses a brighter and healthier life sustaining fluid than before. Though, perhaps, nothing radical has been introduced, we can distinguish a purpose to strengthen and improve characteristics upon which they lay claim for favor. Apropos of this, it seems a few have retrenched themselves within the infallibility of inaction as far as progress is concerned—on the principle that one who persists in remaining within the same confines, cannot possibly

make a wrong departure. These will certainly be relegated to the rear and may have reached their destination ere this. Their retention will continue until endeavors are made to gain the van, or at least to emerge from the company of stragglers. From this number, we received a school paper lately which is remarkable solely for nonsense and flippancy.

The following we read with profit and pleasure. *The Mountaineer, The Dial, The Abbey Student, St. Vincent's Journal, The Viatorian, St. Mary's Sentinel, Mt. St. Mary's Record, Leaflets from Loretto, The Boston Pilot, The Stylus, The Purple, The Salve Regina, St. Mary's Chimes, The St. James School Journal, The Young People, The Radiator, Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian, Agnetian Monthly, The Month, Ave Maria and Catholic Universe.*

T. M. CONROY.

Reviews.

The Child of God is the title of one of the neatest little prayer books we have ever seen. It is published by Benziger Bros. and intended for very small children. Its diminutive size, it is only 2½ inches long, and attractive appearance will surely please the little ones. It contains the most necessary prayers, those which every child learns at its mother's knee long before it is able to read, and other simple prayers and instructions, adapted to the capacities of those for whom the book is intended. The various illustrations will also prove interesting to the little people. (Price twenty cents.)

The bread of Angels, is the title of another prayer book published by the same enterprising firm. Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F. of Lafayette, is the author and compiler of this valuable work. The table of contents shows that this is a complete prayer book, embracing instructions, prayers, and devo-

tions suitable for all seasons and adapted to the various ceremonies of the Church. The quality of paper used in this little manual is very fine, and, although the book contains over 600 pages, renders it of such a size that it may be carried in the pocket without the least inconvenience. (Price forty cents.)

The Outlaw Law of Commarague, by A. De Lunothe, translated from the French by Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier, is a new Catholic novel that is certain to find many readers. It opens with a beautiful description of the habits and customs of French Society in the years immediately preceeding the Revolution. The reader is gradually led on to the bloody days of the reign of terror, and this darkest page in the History of France is described in a manner that will leave a lasting impression on the mind. The good Theresine and her father are beautiful examples of the loyalty of faithful servants to the persecuted master, while Marius embodies all the treachery and greed that are even more abhorrent than the passionate outbreaks of a misguided, frantic populace. There is just enough of love and match making injected into the novel to make it interesting, about as much as is found in actual life. (Benziger Bros price \$1.25.)

Personals.

The Rev. M. Byrne of Whiting, Ind. was a welcome visitor during the fore part of the month. Father Byrne is a prime favorite here with both professors and students and his visits are always sure to be appreciated.

Miss Mary Reidlbach and the Misses Shank of Pulaski, Ind., spent a day at the College recently, the guests of Father Raphael their former pastor.

Father Kubaski of North Judson was our guest on the 15th. He has been visiting Father Berg of Remington whom we were also happy to have with us on the same day.

Mr. Nicholas Krull of Dayton Ohio, paid a brief visit to his brother Virgilius of the Community, on the 14th.

The Rev. Willibald Schlinmer, C. PP. S. of Pulaski, Ind., called on us the 16th bringing with him his usual genial disposition.

We were honored of late by the presence of Father Anselm Schmidt C. PP. S. of Cassella, Ohio, who spent a pleasant day with his fellow-priests of the Order, at Collegeville.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Dyer Ind., spent last Sunday the 26st with their son, Leonard of the students C. PP. S.

Locals.

First annual commencement exercises at St. Joseph's College, June 16th, 1896.

The thanks of all are due to Professor Hemmersbach and the Band for the delightful treat of last Saturday evening—the first open air concert of the season. May there be more to follow:

"Skinny" in a letter about it to a friend, composed in his usual masterly style, wanted to say that "music always moved his soul." He made a mistake though, and wrote it *sole*; which perhaps isn't far from the truth, after all.

A fine chandelier for electric lights now adorns the interior of St. Augustine's Church. It is a piece of exquisite workmanship and sets off with fine effect the tasty mural decorations.

The graduating class of '96 is now reading Horace in Latin, Demosthenes in Greek, and Telemaque in French. They report no particular phenomena as yet from the study of astronomy, except that they recently discovered a gas jet burning in one of the corridors at midday.

The College road seems to be one of the most popular in the vicinity for cyclists.

Every evening they may be counted by the score as they glide by, evidently in full enjoyment of the exhilarating country air and the diversified scenery along the way.

Father Eugene's class is now occupied with a series of Latin conversations and a review of grammar, having finished Wilkin's Prose Exercises before Easter. Cicero's First Philippic against Antony is also receiving due consideration by those devoted admirers of the great Roman orator.

The season is at hand when the beetle comes "to wheel his droning flight" around the study-hall lamps, or to tickle the visages of our early-to-beds as they nod over their books, wrapt in "the honey dew of slumber" and all unconscious of the mental anxieties of their neighbors vainly trying to solve the perplexities of a Greek verb.

Since Spring opened, the lake has been a center of attraction to a score or so of the latter-day disciples of Isaac Walton, casting the hook and line with more or less success into the uncertain depths before them. For awhile the total extinction of the finny tribe therein seemed impending; but now a prohibition from the Rev. Prefect has gone into effect, and indications show that it will be more closely obeyed than most game-laws are wont to be.

The usual Easter Monday outing to the river was not forgotten this year by those who remained at the College during the vacation. Hunting, fishing, and strolling through the woods were the chief sources of amusement, and a general good time is reported. As a result "Trapper" has many new stories to tell, all very interesting as narrated by himself; but unfortunately we cannot put them into print owing to their lack of tru—we mean *our* lack of space.

Now that the sultry evenings are again upon us, it is to be hoped that dispensations from study, substituted by suitable recrea-

tions, will come as frequently as of yore. Those trips to the Iroquois were always a relief when application to our books became burdensome; while the popularity of the Sunday evening band concerts is so well known that further commendation for them is unnecessary.

The little rotund band stand located in the woods near the studio, took legs to itself on a recent afternoon, and now finds a more suitable location in the grove skirting the campus. Our modern Timotheans are to occupy it during their hours of rehearsal; which will incidentally lend additional pleasure to those bent on recreation, as the "soft lydian airs" are wafted over the play-grounds to their ears.

The Columbians have just received a letter from Father Augustine containing an interesting account of his journey, and a description of his present surroundings in Rome. We are sorry that the missive arrived too late to receive an extended mention in this issue; but the readers of the Collegian may expect to find it in full in the May number. The other members of the delegation—Fathers Henry, Kilian and Dickmann, are also in excellent health, writes Father Augustine; and all are enjoying to the utmost the wonders and novelties of the Eternal City.

At last we are to have a Shakespearian play! Such has been the decision of the fifth Literature class; and when their *ipse dixit* has gone forth, all uncertainty is passed.

The Merchant of Venice arranged for male characters only, is the one selected. The play will, in all probability, be presented on the Monday evening of Commencement week. As distributed by Father Maximilian, all the characters save one will be impersonated by his own pupils; but it is a high compliment to the underclass to find that the chief part, that of Shylock, will be given to it, and be played by Albert Riester, whose

brilliant acting in the Hidden Gem has shown him to be the best qualified for that difficult role.

The final examinations which the sixth Latin class will be obliged to undergo before obtaining their diplomas have benumbed the facetious spirits of its members and consequently nothing better than a Sardonian smile is obtainable now and then.

Many improvements tending to beautify the college premises are at present being effected. Among the most noteworthy are: the conversion of the "Collegeville Sahara," immediately north of the college, into a beautiful lawn, intersected with walks and studded with evergreen shrubs; the enlargement of the campus to nearly again its size; and the planting of shade trees. The gravel which was discovered in the agricultural districts some time ago serves admirably well for walks. Mr. Daniels, under whose supervision the work is progressing so nicely, deserves credit for the excellent taste he exhibits in laying out the lawns.

Aloysian Notes.

Prompted by various motives, the society has so far withheld from appearing on public programs; from this, however, it is not to be inferred that the members have been resting in dreamland; their active minds would not permit them to be silent, to check a work in which so much zeal has already been displayed. Even if they are not noticed, like the busy ant, they apply themselves to their task, and climb the hill of difficulties and obstacles, and though perhaps often falling, yet at length succeed in reaching the goal.

The members are thinking about giving a public program consisting of recitations, and a play "Wanted, A Confidential Clerk," and they are certain that their busy tongues can just as well recite a lesson of elocution

as chide a fellow student, when after three attempts, he fails to strike the ball.

EUG. SCHWEITZER.

Chm, Exec. Com.

Speak Gently.

If we would be one of God's servants we must comply with this holy command, "Love one another." This we do by the advice given in the beautiful little poem which forms the subject of this essay.

Then we not only serve God, but we also serve ourselves, for we merit the esteem of our associates and this is not of little importance to man in this life.

No one should be excluded from our practice of gentleness.

Particularly not the poor. The world in general has nought for them but contempt; let us learn to treat them better, they are God's friends.

The innocent child, that most perfect likeness of God is another that should never hear from our lips a harsh word.

Remember that a kind one makes a far better impression upon its tender mind; its sojourn on earth is perhaps of short duration, we should therefore not mar the happiness of its days by harshness.

The aged, too, are most deserving of our kindest words. Though they should be peevish let us bear their infirmities and not enhance their misery by uncharitable words.

Mindful of the proverb "A kind word turneth away wrath" we will act accordingly.

HERCULES DORVAL.

Honorary Mention.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Class, F. Diefenbach, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, J. Engesser, J.